Previsioned of the madness and the mean He stood where Asia, crowned with rav-

ishment, curtain of love's inner shrine had rent, And after had gone scarred by the unseen.

There at his touch there was a treasure chest,
And in it was a gleam, but not of gold;
And on it, like a flame, these words
were serolled:
"I keep the mintage of eternity.
Who comes to take one coin may take the

And all may come-but not without the

-Edward Arlington Robinson.

A Double Identity

By Mary Wickham.

英國英國英國英國英國英國英國英

ES, it was a foregone con-All their friends knew

they would marry. XOX Even the mothers on both Bides agreed they were made for each other, so thorough was the sympathy between them.

George put his thoughts into his They spoke such feeling and love that they sold tremendously and made his name famous.

Now, Gladys had one secret. She wrote poetry, but was so difadent about her verses that she had not told her lover. She also was obliged to take the world into her confidence. Like Mrs. Browning, her sonnets, under the title of "Sylvia's Love," brought her fame and renown.

One day the book fell into George's hands, and then arose the misunder-

By intuition he felt they were written for him. Loyalty to Gladys and by day, making him morose and gloomy. Finally his visits grew few and far between.

Gladys noticed his preoccupation and began to fret. Had she been too bold In telling the world of her love? Could

the sonnets? Pride kept her tongue tied and the meetings of the lovers grew fewer and colder.

All the world wondered and remarked at the estrangement. "How pale Gladys looks, George, said his mother anxiously. "Do you

think she is fretting?" He gulped down a great cup of cof-fee, scalding himself in the endeavor. "I-er-have not noticed, mother," he

said, with averted face. "Have you quarreled?" she queried. "No, mother. Whatever put that

thought in your head?" "I could not imagine a quarrel," replied his mother, "because you seemed to understand one another so thoroughly. Surely you have not grown tired

of each other?" "I do wish you would not interfere with my affairs," exclaimed her son pettishly, pushing his chair away from the table. "Poor little Gladys," he muttered, going upstairs. "Ought I

to tell her how I feel?" Left to herself, his mother sighed. "How unlike George!" she said. "I Wish I could do something."

"Gladys," asked her mother, "what is the matter with you? You never eat anything and you are getting as pale as a ghost. Has George been unkind

Gladys burst into tears.

"I do not know, mother," she faltered. "I fear George is getting tired of me, and I did think he loved me."

She looked tearfully out of the win dow, where a brown thrush was warbling to his mate from a wild cherry

"I thought you were made for each other," answered her mother thoughtfully. "I cannot think that about George. Why do you not ask him? It would be better to break the engagement than live forever misera-

"I hardly like to ask him," said the girl hesitatingly. "Yet would sooner break it off if he has really grown tired of me. Only it will be so horrid!"

One afternoon George came in. Gladys was alone at tea. Polite but cold greetings took place.

Yes, George would take a cup of ten, and "Ah, thank you, two lumps,

please!" In the old days Gladys was quite aware of his sugar-loving propensities.

But his stern, set face made her harden her heart, though it was beating very tumultuously. She had determined to have it out before George bade her farewell.

Strangely enough, George had made his visit for the same purpose.

"George." "Gladys."

"I beg your pardon, Gladys, what vere you going to say?"

Poor Gladys broke down.

"Oh, George, dear," she cried hysterically, "do not be so horribly polite. What is the matter with you? What has changed you? Have I offended you, or"-she hesitated-"have you grown tired of me?"

"No, no, Gladys," he answered has tily; "I love you dearly. But," he added, looking rather foolish, "I love some one else equally as well."

"Oh, George!" cried the girl, with a scarlet face, "how can you talk so? Who is she?"

"I do not know. I do not even know her name, though I have tried hard to that. Having no business in politics "But I do not understand," she com

mented looking at him in bewilder

"It is just this: She is the writer of some lovely poems-poems which I should like a woman to write for me. I feel in love with you, Gladys, beause of the strong affinity between us on many subjects. When it comes to the greatest of all themes you are dumb and I am the lover. The love is all on my side."

"George, dear, I could not speak," she said, trembling, "but I-

He went on regardless of her interuption.

"Now, this woman inspires me, feel she is my ideal woman. I talk to her and I con over her poems as I paint. Yet all the while I am thinking of you and wishing you could speak

He paced up and down the room and then sat down by her side.

"Why," he cried, taking a little hand and fondling it, "I am so crazed that I am actually painting a picture to my is Sylvin?" He did not notice her over forty male applicants, glad start of wonder and recognition, but went on musingly. "I have put a troubadour under a balcony. He is looking up to a window, where a hand opening the casement.

"Why do you laugh?" he added short-

ly. "I am quite serious." Gladys laughed long and merrily.

She knelt down by his side, "You dear, silly boy," she cried; "your Sylvia may be a faded, grayhaired old lady, lamenting the lost love of her youth, or she may be a happily married dame with a merry troop of children. Perhaps she is a man like the writer of 'An English Woman's Love Letters,' or she may be an impossible person. A soul does not always dwell under a beautiful covering.

"If I thought any of your suggestions were true," said George, dubiously, "I--"
"Would keep to the old one?" she

said, coaxingly. "George, dear, you said you loved me once and promised to marry me, . . . You are the only man I ever cared for." She looked wistfully at him. "Do not throw me over for a mere caprice or fancy. If love for Sylvia fought in his heart day we have loved once it should be for ave, for true love can never alter."

> "Now you are talking like Sylvia," answered George, softly, gazing at

She certainly looked very sweet with the love-light brimming in her pretty he have discovered the authorship of eyes. After all, the writer of the spect." poems might turn out to be a dyspeptic. Most of the minor poets he knew were afflicted in that way.

"George, dear," she whispered, "it would be so awful to change now we have fixed the day-that is, if you still love the Gladys you imagined me to

"I know, darling. I have been a brute. Forgive me," he said contritely, "I will read Sylvia no more, I will imagine you are at the casement. and I will give you the picture for a wedding present.-

He kissed and fondled her as he spoke. He could see how unhappy she looked.

"And I," she answered, shyly, blushing under his kisses, "will give you my present on the morning after we are married."

George kept to his word and his length. sweetheart.

The onlookers declared, therefore a lovers' quarrel had been made up,

The day of the wedding had arrived. Everything passed off beautifully, until, at the supreme moment, George suddenly remembered Sylvia and shuddered. The girl at his side pressed closer and gave him a pathetic little

At the breakfast he appeared quite distrait, and the guests commented on his preoccupied air.

He talked to his newly made wife evening coat if she can afford with a great effort for the rest of the sentials, and a sweater. day, but she only smiled tenderly at

amiss in his unloverlike behavior. At breakfast the next morning he still appeared ill at ease. In reality he

felt ashamed of himself. Sylvia had filled his dreams all night. "George, dear husband," said Gladys, at the end of the silent meal, "I have left your present on the dressing table. several tub suits will be needed.

Will you go and look at it." flushed painfully as she spoke. Surely a woman should not need to woo her husband! "Certainly," he answered, glad of

an opportunity of escaping from his uncomfortable position.

He hurried up stairs, where he walked to the dressing-table, and found a copy of "Sylvia's Love." It bore the Inscription: "From the writer, Gladys, to her only love."

In the meantime Gladys had walked that if we thought all we said we'd be to the window. There she watched the play of a wave-kissed blue sea sparkling with sunshine. And there Georfge

found her. He put his arm about her and drew her to his side with a tender, clinging caress. Once more he was the dear George of old. She knew no shadow of misunderstanding would ever come

between them again. Presently he spoke. "Write me," he said, slowly, "as one of the biggest fools in creation. I ought to have guessed you were my Sylvia. How could I have been so blind! My darling! I hope I may ever prove worthy of such love-the love of my ideal

woman!" She smiled at him through happy tears as their lips met in one long kiss.-American Queen.

No Business. "You have no business in politics." Thus spoke the Dictator angrily.

"I know I haven't," said the Rich Young Candidate. "I do not own street railway or an insurance company or a food trust or anything like I feel all the better fitted to be a faithful public servant"-Newark News.



A WOMAN CORONER.

Miss Louise A. Miller, who had been County, Pa., recently died. She was twenty-two years old. In a protracted absence of the coroner Miss Miller had full charge of the office, attending to all the details connected with the work. In 1904 she prevented the county sheriff from making a public spectacle of a hanging after all the other county officers had failed. Miss unknown ideal. I have called it "Who Miller was appointed deputy coroner

SHOPPING IN SUNSHINE. An Englishwoman says it is her law never to shop except on a sunny day. She never, she insists, makes a mistake on a sunny day. She declares there is nothing one can buy safely but stamps when the sun is absent. There is a good deal in her theory. Shopping on a gloomy day is a good deal like writing a letter when in a fit of the blues. The sun comes out, one's mood changes, and one regrets what one has said, and what one has bought. In spite of this, as everyone can see, it just takes a rain to bring women

out. When the weather is the worst them the fair ones hie themselves to shop, each under the impression that all the others will stay home, and she will have the whole store to herself. And maybe this is why so many things have to be "taken back."-

THE INQUIRING MAIDEN. A young maiden sought the counsel

of two wives. "Tell me," said she, "when I am wed, is it wise to be jealous of my

husband?" Said one wife: "Often am I fealous of my husband, but carefully do I hide my jeal-

Thus, he doth never suspect it.

and so do I keep his love and his re-Spoke the other wife:

ousy.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

"I care not what my husband may do, and never am I jealous of him. Yet often do I pretend that I am greatly jealous and exhibit brave fits of jealousy before him. Thus do I keep his love and his respect."

"Ah," quoth the young maiden, "I learn, then, that the wise woman concealeth jealousy when it is present, and feigneth it when it is absent. Remembering this, I too shall be enabled to keep my husband's love and his respect."-Carolyn Wells, in Life,

NEEDS AT BOARDING SCHOOL. One good tailored suit, with silk

waist to match. A shirt waist suit of Panama cloth or brilliantine. A separate woolen skirt in walking

Another separate skirt, very short. Two white pique or duck skirts.

One light silk or voille, for tens etc. A white silk shirt waist and a flannel waist.

Three or four white shirt waists,

some thick One pretty light evening dress,

A warm wrapper and a kimono

Two hats, one best, one second best, and a tam o' shanter for knockabout. A heavy winter coat, a rain coat, an

Kid gloves for street and evening him and would not notice anything and woolen gloves for ordinary winter

Walking or dancing shoes, and a pair of Arctics or rubber boots. Plenty of plain under clothing, as

extra laundry charge is made for too much elaboration. If she is not going home for the Easter vacation, a spring jacket and

WHAT A WISE WIFE KNOWS. She knows that home is more than half what you make it, and that a builder of a happy home is a success indeed. She knows that it takes two

to prolong a family quarrel, one can therefore terminate it. She knows filling a house with bargains keep a couple from owning the house in which they place them. She knows wise, but if we said all we thought we'd be foolisr. She knows that some people sneer at love in a cottage, but love that could wish to live anywhere else is not love. She knows that proud people seldom have friends. In prosperity they know nobody; in adversity nobody knows them, says Woman's Life. She knows that to make long lived friendships one must be slow in making them. She knows that the woman who gains a trifle meanly is meaner than the trifle. She knows ly one's shoe bows. that "it is less pain to learn in youth than to be ignorant in old age." imperfect. The unwise wife may clover apron, three leaves for the profit by studying what the wise apron and one for the bib.

THE REAL HOME.

ter than staying at home." realise the full meaning of that re- having a pleasing effect,

mark? Home was the last place to be considered, a spot that offered shelter deputy coroner of Westmoreland at night and meals when they were not farmer living near Flatonia, went to

pleasurable. so much done for the comfort of both. Modern homes are fairly teeming with and comfortable. There are more new books and interesting magazines put forth every month than the ordinary mortal can read, and furnishings are all these attractions we are continually searching for distraction, something better than home, yet not so much, after all, judging by the young wo

man's remark on the entertainment. One can readily understand the rest essness of an occupant of a discomfortable little bedroom in a lodging house. The dinginess is depressing even when the furniture is comfortable. It requires a lot of ingenuity and a host of personal belongings to give a "homey" air to such an apartment. But restlessness is not confined to such places. Lovely homes are deserted for house. any amusement. The inmates of those homes prefer second-rate meals in crowded restaurants to their own table and good food.

A man whose income is derived from very hard work said recently that he never attended evening entertainments. He preferred his home and family his books and papers and bed at an early hour. All theatre-going was done in the afternoon and only daylight functions were considered by either husband or wife. He said that he lived so rapidly during business hours that it was a positive pleasure to throw off haste with his office coat, go home as comfortably as possible, make a leisurely toilet and a more leisurely evening meal, chat without regard to time and spend a few hours like a rational being. And he is bringing up his family to just such whole-

ome ideas. Men are growing more confented, while women are acquiring the restless spirit. Musculine clubs are not the pivot of life, apparently, except for married men. Bachelor quarters are owerful rivals, both to clubs and matrimony. But poor woman cannot get used to a solitary life, so she prefers people outside of home to lonellness within it. She might take a companion, but dislikes the idea of being forced to put up with companionship at the rare intervals when she wants to be alone. Inconsistent to the end, von see.

So few of us are resourceful. We are dependent upon the outside world for distraction. We profess to enjoy sewing, yet work under pressure and find weariness rather than rest. We express a fondness for reading and seem to be unable to pin our attention to a book or paper. There is no better relaxation for a woman who has struggled all day in the business world than to eat a leisurely dinner or supper, get nto a comfortable house dress and slippers, find an easy chair and a wellshaded lamp and settle down to lose perself in a new world, that pictured by a skillful pen. And there is so much to read that one can afford to be critical and hard to please.

There would have to be an occastoned bit of amusement. even, to keep this relaxation from becoming monotonous. But the majority of us have more than is good for is. After all we are not very good to ourselves. We overwork and overindulge our bodies and brains, and wonder why they give out.-Washington



Handkerchiefs have diminished

the most inconsequent trifles. Jeweled crosses are most popular sendant, after the ubiquitous heart locket.

Every girl with pretensions of pretiness has a couple of pairs of finest mull ties, which she attaches to her lingerie. More jewelry is being worn than for

cars past. Three collar pins, a big

brooch, a necklace, a long chin with a pendant, and two handsome belt buckles all appear at the same time on the average woman. There is use for all the nice little uckles you can annex. One does not only buckle one's belt and sash in these elaborate days, but also one's collar, sleeve straps, bodice bows-

bows of any sort in fact-and especial-What could be prettier than the She charming little flower aprons, designed knows that if she cannot throw to resemble some flower, the colorbrightness over her home it is best ing of which is carried out in the fabot to throw a wet blanket over it. rie chosen? There are rose aprons She knows that the wife who thinks of pink linen, daisy and geranium she is perfect is generally the most aprons, and cutest of all, a four-leaf

Since there are no more new ornaments to be invented, the necessary thing is to devise new ways of wear-"I don't think much of this place," ing the old ones and the newest fancy remarked a young woman to the friend is to wear those lovely necklaces of with whom she was attending an ama- aqua-marines and similar stones unteurish entertainment, "but it is bet- der the thin yoke of the lingerie waist, Do you their glitter through the transparency

SNAKE BITES BOOMED THE BANK.

> Texas Planters Learn the Danger of Farmyard Hiding Places and Deposits Are Doubled.

The farmers of the Flatonia (Texas) section of the cotton belt for som reason have long been shy of banks and have been in the habit of putting their money in receptacles of various kinds, such as old shoes and cans.

A few weeks ago Charles Bosler, a to be found elsewhere, but nothing a corner of his yard one day, and in a few minutes came hurrying back, Home does not mean very much to shouting to his wife that he had been either men or women, yet never was bitten by a copperhead snake. Bosler came near dying from the effects of the snake's poison, and it was not until temptations to rest and be luxurious two days after the snake bit him that Bosler was able to tell how it happened. He had gone to get \$50 he had on deposit in an old shoe under a board in the corner of the yard, and as of the most alluring kind. Yet with he reached in to get the shoe the snake struck him.

Upon hearing the story Mrs. Bosler went out to get the money where her husband had left it. The shoe was still under board, and the farmer's wife reached into to get it, when she caught a glimpse of a copperhead snake lying there. She was not quick enough to jerk her hand back before the snake struck her. It sank its fangs in her thumb so deep that she dragged the copperhead along from under the board when she pulled her hand out. She shook it loose and ran screaming to the

As soon as he had attended to his wife's snake bite, Farmer Bosler got his gun, went out to the place where the snake seemed to be standing guard and lifted the board. Colled on the old shoe was the copperhend and it showed fight at once. Bosler jumped aside and shot the serpent's head off. The \$50 was all right in the shoe and Farmer Bosler removed it to the house.

The news of the adventure of the Bosler family with the copperhend snake soon spread about the neighborhood, and then the farmers began coming into Flatonia every day to deposit in the banks all sorts and conditions of money. The cashier of the First National Bank of Flatonia says that for the week ending Saturday the deposits in that bank were double what they had been in any previous week in its history.

WISE WORDS.

Love may be blind, but it usually finds a way. A premature start often means a tot

previous finish. Work is a joy when the loved ones share the fruits,

Feet that never stumble never carry their owners far. A kind word now is better than a

floral emblem hereafter. It is better to wear out than to rust out, and unwise to do either.

Sincerity is the only foundation upon which to build true success. The world rarely thinks well of a man who does not think well of him-

Women Teachers.

According to an analysis of the census statistics relating to teachers. made by Prof. Walter Wilcox, of Cornell University, eighty per cent, of the teachers in large cities are women In all countries the greater part of the teaching is done by women, but in the United States the excess of female teachers over male is greatest Calculating the school age as from five to twenty-four, Professor Wilcox finds an average of one teacher to every seventy-one pupils, or 140 teachers for every 10,000 pupils, and that only when, to please his German wife, struck her game unerringly each time. teachers exceed the total number of be left London for Berlin, did the Only twice did I see her make a few

elergymen, lawyers and physicians. In 1900 Nevada had the largest proportional number of teachers; Vermont ranked second, Maine third, and Iowa fourth. The proportion of teachers was smallest in some of the Southern States. During the past decade the proportion has increased in every State and Territory, the increase reaching a maximum in the State of Washington. The States of the North and West showed a greater increase than

those of the South. The proportion of teachers in cities having at least 25,000 inhabitants is greater than in smaller cities or country districts. This condition, however, is not prevalent in all divisions of the United States. In the North Atlantic and north central divisions the larger cities are not so well supplied with teachers as the smaller cities and country districts.-New York World.

Too Many Meaningless Things. The average house is too full of fur-

niture and meaningless things. Everything in the house that does not add something to the convenience, happiness or education of the family or some member of the family is an extravagance.

To be sure, every house needs a vase or two for flowers, but so many of these vases one sees are too fancy for use and are good for nothing but to stand upon the mantel and be dusted. A Real Mutt-Not Ple-Faced The Jeer Swami of Tirukurungudi,

an ancient and influential mutt in

the Tinnevelly District, Madras, has

presented the Madras Museum a

stone pillar from the precincts of the

Pandyan era in "Vatt Ezhutte" char-

acter.-Lahore Tribune. Zigzag Heredity. "Whom do your two little boys re

semble, Mrs. Flitter?" "Well the homely boy looks like his father and acts like me, and the pretty one looks like me and acts like his father,"-Life.



RHYMING PUZZLES,

I know a very ancient game,
Now see if you can guess;
Its name begins with che
And ends with double S.

The horseman, the parson,
The king and his wife,
All went to battle,
And fought for dear life.

The dwarfs ran ahead,
But the king was afraid,
And back of his eastle
He prudently stayed,

Till a horseman came jumping
Right over the house,
And caught the poor king
In a trap like a mouse.
—From the St. Nicholas.

GLADSTONE AND THE LOVERS.

About twenty years ago a shoemaker

came to London and established a

small workshop, but in spite of indus-

try and strict attention to business he

enough money to buy leather for work

One day he was in the whispering gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral, with

his betrothed wife, to whom he con-

fided the sad condition of his affairs,

and the impossibility of their marriage.

The young girl gave him all her small

earnings, with which he went next day

to purchase the required leather, with-

out, however, knowing that he was

followed-by a gentleman commissioned

The shoemaker was not a little sur

him he was willing to open a small ac-

count with him. In this way did for-

tune begin to smile upon him, and soon,

to his great astonishment, he received

orders from the wealthiest circle in

London society, and his business be-

came so well established that he was

able to marry, and have a comfortable

to make inquiries about him.

home of his own.

which had been ordered.

For the Younger Children.

The dangerous author-Wolfe.

The aboriginal author-Savage,

The blistering author-Burns. The refreshing author-Brooks The beakfast author-Bacon. The dinner author-Lamb.

The snappish author-Crabbe. Gabriel's author-Horne. The chorister's author-Sangster .-

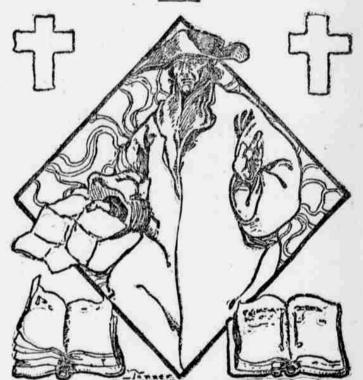
Eleanor, in the Progressive Farmer. THE OBSERVING ROBIN.

I once observed a robin boring for grubs in a country doorway, says John Burroughs, in Outing. It is a common enough sight to witness one seize an angle worm and drag it from its burrow in the turf, but I am not sure that I ever before saw one drill for grubs and bring the big white morsel to the surface.

The robin I am speaking of had a continued so poor that he had not even nest of young in a maple nearby, and she worked the neighborhood very industriously for food. She would run along over the short grass after the manner of robins, stopping every few feet, her form stiff and erect. and then she would suddenly bend her head toward the ground and bring eye and ear for a moment to bear intently upon it. Then she would spring to boring the turf vigorously with her bill, changing her attitude at each stroke, alert and watchful, throwing up the grass roots and little jets of soil, stabbing deeper and deeper, growing every moment more and more excited, till prised when the leather merchant told finally a fat grub was seized ar brought forth. Time after time during several days I saw her mine for grubs in this way and drag them forth.

How did she know where to drill? The insect was in every case an incb below the surface. Did she hear it gnawing the roots of the grasses or did she see a movement in the turf He was known in London for years beneath which the grub was at work?

PICTURE PUZZLE.



Three hundred and ninety-six years ago John Calvin was born. FIND MICHAEL SERVETUS, WHOM HE BURNED. -From Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

as the "Parliament Shoemaker," but I know not. I only know that she leather merchant tell him that he owed thrusts and then desist, as if she had his "credit account" to none other than been for the moment deceived. Mr. Gladstone. The Cabinet Minister had been in the whispering gallery when the poor shoemaker had been telling his betrothed of his poverty, and, owing to the peculiar acoustics of the gallery, had heard every word that had been said.-British Weekly.

THE GAME OF AUTHORS.

At our book club the other afternoon we varied our usual serious discussion of weighty problems by a little literary game that I think it may help to pass on for the cousins. I do not think the young people in the country live up to their opportunities for social amusements, and I would suggest that we have a discussion of ways and means in Social Chat. What do you say to that, Aunt Jennie? Here is the game-with the answers-to which I have referred. Read the descriptions and see how many authors can be guessed:

The oldest author-Adams. The youngest author-Child. The healthy author-Hale. The sickly author-Haggard. The fragile author-Reade. The collier's author-Coleridge. The farmer's author-Fields. The gardener's author-Oulda. The sportsman's author-Hunt. The harvester's author-Hay. The pugilist's author-Knox. The warrior's author-Shakespeare. The ditcher's author-Trench. The jeweler's nuthor-Goldsmith. The angler's author-Hooker. The chef's author-Cooke. The dude's author-Taylor. The suburban author-Townsend. The domestic author-Holmes. The greedy author-Hogg. The woodland author-Hawthorne. The cunning author-Fox. The pontifical author-Pope. The evasive author-Dodge.

The submarine author-Cable.

The painful author-Bunyan.

The groaning author-Paine.

A STIRRUP RACE.

This new athletic patime is a very amusing "event," and is "run off" with one leg hobbled to the broomstick. which takes its place. A look at the accompanying drawing will show you how to prepare for the stirrup race. Procure a long, thin pole. Then at-



noose in one end and tying the other, end to the upper part of the stick. The stirrup should be about four feet long, so you will have no difficulty in

throwing it over your shoulder. The rules are very simple. The suspended foot in the stirrup must not touch the ground nor the stirrup length be removed from its position over the shoulder. A hundred-yard "dash" will be plenty long enough for the course. ing machines very freely.

Four negroes are in the service of the imperial family of Russia.